

WATTS. Ps. 103, 1st part.

1. O bless the Lord, my soul! Let all with-in me join, And aid my tongue to bless His name, Whose fa-vors are di-vine.

2. O bless the Lord, my soul! Nor let his mer-cies be For-got-ten in un-thankful-ness And with-out praise-es die.

3. 'Tis he for-gives thy sins; 'Tis he re-lieves thy pain; 'Tis he that heals thy sick-ness-es, And makes thee young a-gain.

4. He crowns thy life with love,
When ransom'd from the grave;
He that redeemed my soul from hell,
Hath sovereign power to save.

5. He fills the poor with good:
He gives the suf-ferers rest;
The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
And justice for the oppress'd

WATTS. Ps. 48.

THE CHURCH.

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| 1. Far as Thy name is known,
The world declares Thy praise;
Thy saints, O Lord, before Thy throne,
Their songs of honor raise. | 3. Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell,
Compass and view Thy holy ground,
And mark the building well. | 5. How decent and how wise
How glorious to behold!
Beyond the power that charms the eyes,
And rites adorn'd with gold. |
| 2. With joy Thy people stand
On Zion's chosen hill,
Proclaim the wonders of Thy hand,
And counsels of Thy will. | 4. The orders of Thy house,
The worship of Thy court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows,
And make a fair report. | 6. The God we worship now
Will guide us till we die;
Will be our God while here below,
And ours above the sky. |

DR. PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1755.

A. WILLIAMS.

1. Grace! 'tis a charm - ing sound, Har - mon - ious to the ear; Heav'n with the ech - o shall re - sound,

2. Grace first con - triv'd the way To save re - bel - lious man; And all the steps that grace dis - play,

And all the earth shall hear.

Which drew the won - drous plan.

3. Grace taught my roving feet
To tread the heav'nly road;
And now supplies, each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4. Grace all the work shall crown,
Thro' everlasting days;
It lays in heav'n the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

TRUST IN GOD.

Translated from the German, of P. GERHARDT, by REV. J. WESLEY, 1739.

1. Away, my needless fears,
And doubts, no longer mine!
A ray of heav'nly light appears,
A messenger Divine.

2. Thrice comfortable hope,
That calms my troubled breast!
My Father's hand prepares the cup;
And what He wills is best.

3. If what I wish is good,
And suits the will Divine;
By earth and hell in vain withstood,
I know it shall be mine.

4. Still let them counsel take,
To frustrate His decree;
They cannot keep a blessing back
That Heav'n designed for me.

5. Here then I doubt no more,
But in His pleasure rest,
Whose wisdom, love and truth and pow'r
Engage to make me blest.

6. T' accomplish His design
The creatures all agree;
And all the attributes Divine
Are now at work for me.



1. My soul, be on your guard! Ten thou-sand foes a-rise; The hosts of sin are press-ing hard

2. Oh, watch, and fight, and pray, The bat-tle ne'er give o'er; Re-new it bold-ly ev'-ry day,

3. Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
Thy arduous work will ne'er be done,
Till thou obtain the crown.

4. Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God!
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To His divine abode.



To draw thee from the skies.

And help Di-vine im-plore.

SOLDIERS OF CHRIST.

REV. C. WESLEY, 1749.

1. Soldiers of Christ, arise,
And put your armor on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies,
Thro' His eternal Son!

2. Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in His mighty pow'r,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.

3. Stand, then, in His great might,
With all His strength endued;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God:

4. That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts pass'd,
Ye may o'ercome thro' Christ alone,
And stand entire at last,

5. Stand, then, against your foes,
In close and thinn array:
Legions of wily friends oppose
Throughout the evil day:

6. But meet the sons of night,
But mock their vain design,
Arm'd in the arms of heav'nly light,
Of righteousness Divine.

7. Leave no unguarded place,
No weakness of the soul;
Take ev'ry virtue, ev'ry grace,
And fortify the whole:

8. Indissolubly join'd,
To battle all proceed;
But arm yourselves with all the mind
That was in Christ your Head.

REV. C. WESLEY, 1749.

J. LEACH, of England.

1. Hark! how the watch - men cry! At - tend the trum - pet's sound: Stand to your arms, the foe is nigh;

2. Who bow to Christ's com - mand, Your arms and hearts pro - pare; The day of bat - tle is at hand!

The pow'rs of hell sur - round!

Go forth to glo - rious war;

3. See, on the mountain top,
The standard of your God!
In Jesu's name I lift it up,
All stain'd with hallow'd blood.
4. His standard-bearer, I
To all the nations call:
Let all to Jesu's cross draw nigh!
He bore the cross for all.
5. Go up with Christ your Head;
Your Captain's footsteps see;
Follow your Captain, and be led
To certain victory;
6. All pow'r to Him is giv'n;
He ever reigns the same;
Salvation, happiness, and heav'n
Are all in Jesu's name.
7. Only have faith in God;
In faith your foes assail;
Not wrestling against flesh and blood,
But all the pow'rs of hell:
8. From thrones of glory driv'n,
By flaming vengeance hurl'd,
They throng the air, and darken heav'n,
And rule this lower world.
9. Angels your march oppose,
Who still in strength excel;
Your secret, sworn, eternal foes,
Countless, invisible:
10. With rage that never ends,
Their hellish arts they try;
Legions of dire malicious fiends,
And spir'its enthron'd on high.
11. On earth th' usurpers reign;
Exert their baneful pow'r,
O'er the poor fallen sons of men
They tyrannise their hour.
12. But shall believers fear?
But shall believers fly?
Or see the bloody cross appear,
And all their powers defy?
13. Jesus, tremendous name,
Puts all our foes to flight:
Jesus, the meek, the angry Lamb,
A lion is in fight.

1. My Sa - vior and my King, Thy beau - ties are Di - vine; Thy lips with bless - ings a - ver - flow,

2. Now make Thy glo - ries known, Gird on Thy dread - ful sword And ride in maj - es - ty, to spread

3. Strike thro' Thy stubborn foes,
Or melt their hearts t' obey;

While justice, meekness, grace and truth,
Attend Thy glorious way.

And ev - ry grace is Thine.

The con - quests of Thy word.

REV. C. WESLEY, 1749.

AS SHEEP' AMONG WOLVES.

Matt. x, 16.

1. Bid me of men beware,
And to my ways take heed;
Discern their ev'ry secret snare,
And circumspently tread.
2. Oh may I calmly wait
Thy succour from above;
And stand against their open hate,
And well-dissembled love!
3. My spirit, Lord, alarm,
When men and devils join;
'Gainst all the pow'rs of Satan arm,
In panoply divine!
4. Oh may I set my face
His onsets to repel;
Quench all his fiery darts, and chase
The fiend to his own hell!
5. But above all, afraid
Of my own bosom foe,
Still let me seek to Thee for aid,
To Thee my weakness show.

6. Hang on Thine arm alone,
With self-distracting care,
And, deeply in the Spirit grown,
The never ceasing prayer!
7. Give me a sober mind,
A quick-discerning eye
The first approach of sin to find,
And all occasions fly!
8. Still may I cleave to Thee,
And never more depart,
But watch with godly jealousy
Over my evil heart!
9. Thus may I pass my days
Of sojourning beneath;
And languish to conclude my race,
And render up my breath!
10. In humble love and fear,
Thine image to regain,
And see Thee in the clouds appear,
And rise with Thee to reign!

Joseph Hart, 1759,
Old tune.

DOOMSDAY. S. M.

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Wood.

1. Be - hold! with aw - ful pomp, The Judge pre - pares to come; Th'arch-an - gel

Th'arch-an - gel sounds the dread - ful trump, And

sounds the dread - ful trump, And wakes the gen' - ral doom.

wakes the gen' - ral doom. And wakes the gen' - ral doom.

gen' - ral doom, And wakes the gen' - ral doom.

Th'arch-an - gel sounds the dread - ful trump, And wakes the

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| 2. Nature, in wild amazement,
Her dissolution mourns;
Blushes of blood the moon deface,
The sun to darkness turns. | 4. Horrors all hearts appall,
They quake, they shrink, they cry,
Hid rocks and mountains on them fall;
But rocks and mountains fly. |
| 3. The living look with dread,
The frighted dead arise;
Start from the monumental bed,
And lift their ghastly eyes. | 5. Ye wilful, wanton fools,
Let dangers make you wise;
Careful professors, careless souls,
Unclose your sleeping eyes. |

THE JUDGMENT. REV. C. WESLEY, 1749.

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|--|--|
| 1. Then Judge of quick and dead,
Before whose bar we're,
With holy joy, or guilty dread,
We all shall soon appear: | 5. To damp our earthly joys,
T' increase our gracious fears,
Forever let th' archangel's voice
Be sounding in our ears! |
| 2. Our caution'd souls prepare
For that tremendous day;
And fill us now with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray! | 6. The solemn midnight cry:
"Ye dead, the Judge is come!
Arise, and meet Him in the sky,
And meet your instant doom!" |
| 3. To pray, and wait the hour,
That awful hour unknown,
When, robed in majesty and pow'r,
Thou shalt from heav'n come down! | 7. Oh may we thus be found,
Obedient to Thy word;
Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
And looking for our Lord! |
| 4. Th' immortal Son of Man,
To judge the human race,
With all Thy Father's dazzling train,
With all Thy glorious grace. | 8. Oh may we thus be found
A lot among the blest;
And watch a moment to secure
An everlasting rest! |

1. A - wake and sing the song Of Mo - ses and the Lamb! Wake, ev - 'ry heart, and ev - 'ry tongue,

2. Sing of His dy - ing love; Sing of His ris - ing pow'r; Sing how He in - ter - cedes a - bove,

3. Sing, till we feel our heart
Ascending with our tongue;
Sing, till the love of sin depart,
And grace inspire our song.

4. Soon we shall hear Him say,
"Ye blessed children come!"
Soon He will call us hence away,
And take His wanderers home.

5. Soon shall our raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim;
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

To praise the Sa - vior's name!

For those whose sins He bore,

CRY OF THE PENITENT HEART.

REV. C. WESLEY, 1741.

1. Ah! whither should I go,
Burden'd, and sick, and faint?
To whom should I my troubles show,
And pour out my complaint?
2. My Savior bids me come;
Ah! why do I delay?
He calls the weary sinner home,
And yet from Him I stay!
3. What is it keeps me back,
From which I cannot part?
Which will not let the Savior take
Possession of my heart?
4. Some cursed thing unknown
Must surely lurk within;
Some idol which I will not own,
Some secret bosom-sin.

5. Jesus, the hindrance show,
Which I have feared to see;
And let me now consent to know
What keeps me back from Thee!
6. Searcher of hearts, in mine
Thy trying pow'r dis, day;
Into its darkest corners shine,
And take the veil away!
7. I now believe, in Thee
Compassion reigns alone;
According to my faith, in me
Oh let it, Lord, be done!
8. In me is all the bar,
Which Thou would'st fain remove;
Remove it! and I shall declare
That God is only love.

1. Thy name, Al-might-y Lord, Shall sound thro' dis-tant lands; Great is Thy grace, and sure Thy word;

2. Far be Thine hon-or spread, And long Thy praise en-dure! Till morn-ing light, and eve-ning shade,

3. Then, in the worlds above,
His endless praises sing!
While saints and angels speak His love,
Th' eternal arches ring.

4. All glory to the Lamb,
Who died for you and me!
We'll praise His ever-blessed name,
To all eternity.—W. H.

HOW WE KNOW THAT WE ARE CHRISTIANS.

REV. C. WESLEY, 1742.

Thy truth for-ev-er stands.

Shall be ex-chang'd no more.

1. How can a sinner know
His sins on earth forgiv'n?
How can my gracious Savior show
My name inscribed in heav'n?
2. What we have felt and seen
With confidence we tell;
And publish to the sons of men
The signs infallible.
3. We who in Christ believe
That He for us hath died,
We all His unknown peace receive,
And feel His blood applied.
4. Exults our rising soul,
Disburdened of her load,
And swells unutterably full
Of glory and of God!
5. His love, surpassing far
The love of all beneath,
We find within our hearts, and dare
The pointless darts of death.
6. Stronger than death or hell
The sacred power we prove;
And, conquerors of the world, we dwell
In heav'n, who dwell in love.

7. We by His Spirit prove,
And know the things of God,
The things which, freely of His love,
He hath on us bestowed.
8. His Spirit us He gave;
Who dwells in us, we know;
The witness in ourselves we have,
And all its fruits we show.
9. The meek and lowly heart
That in our Savior was,
To us His Spirit does impart,
And signs us with His cross.
10. Our nature's turned, our mind
Transformed in all its pow'rs;
And both the witnesses are joined—
The Spirit of God and ours.
11. Whate'er our pard'ning Lord
Commands, we gladly do;
And, guided by His sacred word,
We all His steps pursue.
12. His glory our design,
We live our God to please;
And rise, with filial fear Divine,
To perfect holiness.

REV. C. WESLEY, 1763.

1. And am I born to die? To lay this bod - y down? And must my trem - bling

2. A land of deep - est shade, Un - pierc'd by hu - man thought; The drear - y re - gions

spir - it fly In - to a world un - known?

of the dead, Where all things are for - got!

3. Soon as from earth I go
What will become of me!
Eternal happiness, or woe,
Must then my portion be!

4. Waked by the trumpet's sound,
I from my grave must rise,
And see the Judge with glory
crown'd,
And see the flaming skies.

5. How shall I leave my tomb?
With triumph? or regret?
A fearful? or a joyful doom?
A curse, or blessing meet?

6. Will angel-bands convey
Their brother to the bar?
Or devils drag my soul away,
To meet its sentence there?

7. Who can resolve the doubt
That tears my anxious breast?
Shall I be with the damn'd cast
out,
Or number'd with the blest?


8. I must from God be driv'n,
Or with my Savior dwell;
Must come, at His command, to
hear'n,
Or else, depart to hell.

9. Oh Thou that would'st not have
One wretched sinner die;
Who did'st Thyself my soul to save
From endless misery:

10. Show me the way to shun
Thy dreadful wrath severe;
That, when Thou comest on Thy
throne,
I may with joy appear!

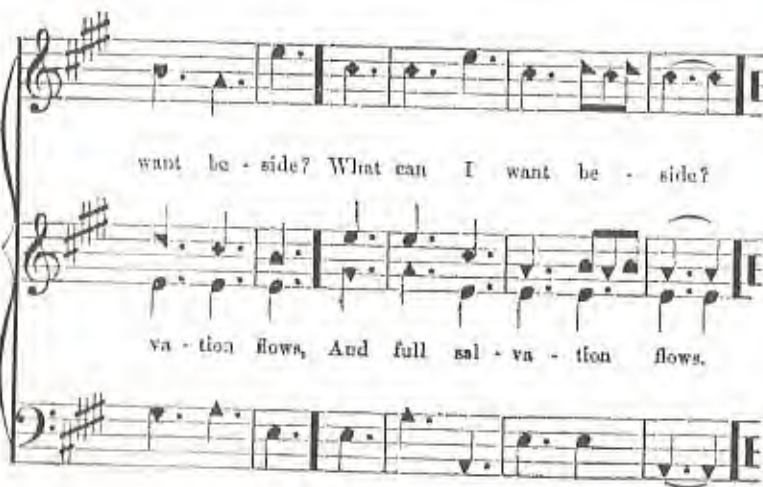
11. Thou art Thyself the way,
Thyself in me reveal!
So shall I spend my life's short day
Obedient to Thy will.

12. So shall I love my God,
Because He first loved me,
And praise Thee in Thy bright abode,
To all eternity.



1. The Lord my Shepherd is; I shall be well sup - plied: Since He is mine, and I my - His, What can I

2. He leads me to the place Where heav'n-ly pas-ture grows, Where liv - ing wa - ters gen - tly pass, And full sal -



want be - side? What can I want be - side?

va - tion flows, And full sal - va - tion flows.

3. If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me in His own right way,
For His most holy name.

4. While He affords His aid
I cannot yield to fear;
Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.

5. Amid surrounding foes
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

6. The bounties of Thy love
Shall crown my following days;
Nor from Thy house will I remove;
Nor cease to speak Thy praise.

HILL OF ZION.

1. The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heav'nly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.
2. Then let our songs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry;
We're marching thro' Emmanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

WEeping SAVIOR. S. M.

BEDDOME.

"And when He came near, and beheld the city, He wept over it." Luke xix, 41.

Arr'd by WM. HAUSER, M. D.

D.S.

FINE.

1. Did Christ o'er sin - ners weep? And shall our cheeks be dry?

Let floods of pen - i - ten - tial grief.

D.S. Burst forth from ev' - ry eye!

FINE.

D.S.

2. The Son of God in tears
Angels with wonder see:
Be thou astonish'd, O my soul,
He shed those tears for thee!

3. He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear:
In heav'n alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

A PRAYER.

O. WESLEY, 1763

1. Oh, Thou that would'st not have
One wretched sinner die,
Who died'st Thyself, my soul to save
From endless misery!

2. Show me the way to shun
Thy dreadful wrath severe;
That, when thou comest on Thy throne,

3. Thou art Thyself the way;
Thyself in me reveal;
So shall I spend my life's short day
Obedient to Thy will.

4. So shall I love my God
Because He first lov'd me;
And praise Thee in Thy bright abode,
To all eternity.

NEWINGHAM. S. M.

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REV. C. WESLEY, 1740.

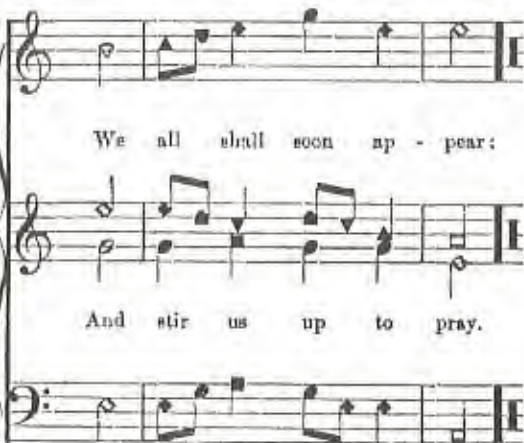
Watch Night.

WM. BILLINGS.



1. Thou Judge of quick and dead, Be - fore whose bar we - vere, With ho - ly joy, or guilt - y dread,

2. Our cas - tion'd souls pre - pare For that tre - men - dous day; And fills us now with watch - ful care,



We all shall soon ap - pear:

And stir us up to pray.

3. To pray, and wait the hour,
That awful hour unknown,
When, robed in majesty and power,
Thou shalt from heav'n come down;
4. Th' immortal Son of man,
To judge the human race,
With all Thy Father's dazzling train,
With all Thy glorious grace.
5. To damp our earthly joys,
To increase our gracious fears,
Forever let th' archangel's voice
Be sounding in our ears;

6. The solemn midnight cry,
"Ye dead, the Judge is come;
Arise, and meet Him in the sky,
And meet your instant doom!"
7. Oh may we thus be found,
Obedient to His word;
Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
And looking for our Lord!
8. Oh may we thus insure
A lot among the blest;
And watch a moment to secure
An everlasting rest!

REV. CHARLES H. SPURGEON, of London, Eng.

1. The Ho - ly Ghost is here, Wheresaints in pray'r a - gree; As Je - sus' part - ing Gift, He's near

2. Not far a - way is He, To be, by pray'r, brought nigh; But here, in pres - ent maj - es - ty,

3. He dwells within our soul,
An ever welcome Guest;
He reigns with absolute control
As Monarch in the breast.

4. Our bodies are His shrine,
And He th' indwelling Lord;
All hail, Thou Comforter Divine!
Be evermore ador'd!

5. Obedient to Thy will,
We wait to feel Thy pow'r;
Oh, Lord of life, our hopes full!
And bless this hallow'd hour.

Each plead - ing com - pa - ny.

An in His courts on high.

SANCTIFYING POWER.

JOSEPH HART, of London, Eng.

1. Come, Holy Spirit, come,
Let Thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes!

2. Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts, the flame
Of never-dying love.

3. Convince us of our sin;
Then lead to Jesus' blood,
And to our wond'ring view reveal
The secret love of God.

4. 'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in ev'ry part,
And new-create the whole.

5. Dwell, Spirit, in our hearts,
Our minds from bondage free;
Then we shall know, and praise, and love
The Father, Son, and Thee.

WATTS. I've quoted WATTS exactly.

Song to the Lord's Day, Sunday.

Altered from DANIEL REED, of Conn.



1. Wel - come, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a - rise! Wel - come to this re - viv - ing breast,

2. The King Him - self comes near, And feasts His saints to - day; Here we may sit, and see Him here,



And these re - joic - ing eyes!

And love, and praise, and pray,

3. One day amid the place
Where my dear God hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4. My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit, and sing herself away,
To everlasting bliss.

CLOSE TO THE CROSS OF CHRIST.

REV. JOSEPHUS ANDERSON, D. D., 1872.

1. Close to Thy cross, O Christ,
My guilty soul would fly!
Thy flowing blood can wash me white,
From sins of crimson dye.

2. Close to Thy cross, O Christ,
My burden'd soul would go!
What sweet relief is in Thy love
For every grief I know!

3. Close to Thy Cross, O Christ,
My tempted soul would stand,
No foe can harm, no work o'ertask,
While under Thy kind hand.

4. Close to Thy cross, O Christ,
My weary soul would rest!
No wrath, no fear, no shadows there,
Disturb my quiet breast.

5. Close to Thy cross, O Christ!
Still closer would I cling;
There is no safety in this world
But 'neath Thy sheltering wing.

True resignation.



1. Thy way, not mine, O Lord, How - ev - er dark it be; Oh, lead me by Thy own right hand;

2. Smooth let it be, or rough; It still will be the best: Wind - ing, or straight, it mat - ters not,



Choose Thou the path for me!

It leads me to Thy rest.

3. I dare not choose my lot;
I would not, if I might;
But choose Thou for me, O my Lord!
So shall I walk aright.

4. The Kingdom that I seek
Is Thine; so let the way
That leads to it, O Lord, be Thine!
Else I must surely stray.

5. Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy, or sorrow, fill,
As ever best to Thee may seem:
Choose Thou my good or ill.

6. Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness, or my health;
Choose Thou my joys and cares for me,
My poverty, or wealth.

7. Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great, or small;
Be Thou my Guide, my Guard, my Strength,
My Wisdom, and my All!

8. Oh may Thy powerful word
Inspire a feeble worm,
To rush into Thy Kingdom, Lord,
And take it as by storm!

9. Oh may we all improve
The grace already giv'n;
And seize the crown of perfect love,
And scale the mount of heav'n!



1. How sweet the melt - ing lay That breaks up - on the ear, When, & the hour of ris - ing day,

2. The bree - zes waft their cries Up to Je - ho - yah's throne; He lis - tens to their heav - ing sighs,

3. So Jesus rose to pray,
Before the morning light;
Or on the chilling mount to stay,
And wrestle all the night.

4. Glory to God on high!
Who sends His blessings down,
To rescue souls condemn'd to die
And make His people one.

DESIRING UNION WITH CHRIST.

REV. CHAS. WESLEY, 1742



Chris - tians u - nite in pray'r!

And sends His bless - ings down.

1. When shall Thy love constrain,
And force me to Thy breast?
When shall my soul return again
To her eternal rest?

2. Ah! what avails my strife,
My wand'ring to and fro?
Thou hast the words of endless life
Ah! whither should I go?

3. Thy condescending grace
To me did freely move;
It calls me still to seek Thy face,
And stoops to ask my love!

4. Lord, at Thy feet I fall;
I groan to be set free;
I fain would now obey the call,
And give up all for Thee.

5. To rescue me from woe,
Thou didst with all things part,
Didst lend a suffering life below,
To gain my worthless heart.

6. My worthless heart to gain,
The God of all that breathe
Was found in fashion as a man,
And died a cursed death.

7. And can I yet delay
My little all to give?
To tear my soul from earth away,
For Jesus to receive?

8. Nay, but I yield, I yield;
I can hold out no more;
I sink, by dying love compell'd,
And own Thee conqueror.

9. Tho' late, I all forsake,
My friends, my all resign;
Gracious Redeemer, take, Oh take,
And send me ever Thine!

10. Come, and possess me whole;
Nor hence again remove;
Settle and fix my wand'ring soul
With all Thy weight of love.

11. My one desire be this,
Thy only love to know;
To seek and taste no other bliss,
No other good below.

12. My Life, my Portion Thou,
Thou all-sufficient art;
My Hope, my heav'nly Treasure, now
Enter, and keep my heart.

O SING TO ME OF HEAVEN. S. M.

Rev E W Dunbar.

Mrs. MARY S. B. DANA SHINDLER, about 1841.

HAUSER'S Arrangement.

1. Oh, sing to me of heav'n, When I am call'd to die; Sing songs of ho - ly ec - sta - cy,

2. When cold and slug - gish drops Roll off my mar - ble brow, Break forth in songs of joy - ful - ness

To waft my soul on high.

Let heav'n be - gin be - low.

3. When the last moment comes,
Oh watch my dying face;
To catch the bright seraphic gleam,
Which on my features plays!

4. Then, to my raptur'd soul,
Let one sweet song be giv'n;
Let music charm me last on earth,
And greet me first in heav'n.

5. Then close my sightless eyes,
And lay me down to rest;
And fold my pale and icy hands,
Upon my lifeless breast.

6. Then round my senseless clay,
Assemble those I love;
And sing of heav'n, delightful heav'n,
My glorious home above.

CHORUS.—May be sung for each verse, using the whole tune for it:

There'll be no sorrow there,
There'll be no sorrow there;
In heav'n above, where all is love,
There'll be no sorrow there.

1. My soul, re - peat His praise, Whose mer - cies are so great, Whose

2 God will not al - ways chide, And when his strokes are felt, Whose an - ger, &c.

Whose an - ger is so slow to rise, So His strokes are few - er than our crime, And

Whose an - ger is so slow to rise, Whose an - ger is so

an - ger is so slow to rise, So read - y to a - bate. bate! 1 2

read - y to a - late, light - er than our guilt, So read - y to a - bate, bate! guilt. 1 2

And light - er than our guilt. 1 2

PSALM XLV, 1-7.

WATTS.

1. My Savior and my King,
Thy beauties are Divine;
Thy lips with blessings overflow,
And every grace is Thine.
2. Now make Thy glories known,
Gird on Thy dreadful sword!
And ride in majesty to spread
The conquests of Thy word.
3. Strike thro' Thy stubborn foes,
Or melt their hearts t' obey;
While justice, meekness, grace and truth,
Attend Thy glorious way.

1. Firm and un - mov'd are they That rest their souls on God; Firm as the mount where Da - vid dwelt,

2. As moun - tains stood to guard The cit - y's sa - cred ground, So God and His Al - might - y love,

Firm as the mount where Dav - id dwelt, Or where the ark a - bode.

So God and His Al - might - y love Em - brace His saints a - round.

3. What, tho' the Father's rod
Drop a chastising stroke?
Yet, lest it wound His saints too deep
His fury shall be broke.
4. Deal gently, Lord, with those
Whose faith and pious fear,
Whose hope, and love, and ev'ry grace,
Proclaim their hearts sincere.
5. Nor shall the tyrant's rage
Too long oppress the saint;
The God of Israel will support
His children, lest they faint.
6. But if our slavish fear
Will choose the road to hell,
We must expect our portion there,
Where bolder spirits dwell.

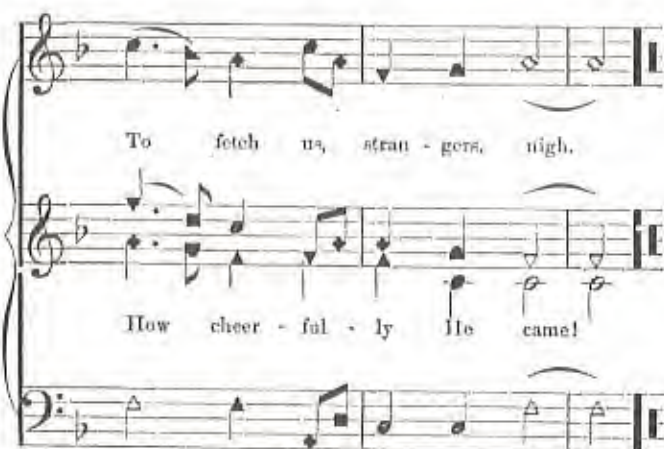
WATTS.—Hymns.

Called after J. RANDOLPH HARDISON, deceased, of Texas. WM. HAUSER, M. D., May 6th, 1857.



1. Let all our tongues be one, To praise our God on high, Who from His bos - om sent His Son,

2. Nor let our voi - ces cease To sing the Sa - vior's name; Je - sus, th' am - bas - sa - dor of peace,



To fetch us, stran - gers, nigh.

How cheer - ful - ly He came!

- | | |
|---|--|
| 3. It cost Him cries and tears,
To bring us near to God;
Great was our debt; and He appears,
To make the payment good. | 7. There, on the cursed tree,
In dying pangs He lies;
Fulfills His Father's great decree,
And all our wants supplies. |
| 4. My Savior's pierced side
Pour'd out a double flood;
By water we are purified,
And pardon'd by the blood. | 8. Thus the Redeemer came
By water and by blood;
And when the Spirit speaks the same
We feel the witness good. |
| 5. Infinite was our guilt;
But He, our Priest, atones:
On the cold ground His life was spilt,
And offer'd with His groans! | 9. While the Eternal Three
Bear this record above,
Here I believe He died for me,
And sealed my Savior's Love. |
| 6. Look up, my soul, to Him
Whose death was thy dessert,
And humbly view the living stream
Flow from His breaking heart! | 10. Lord, cleanse my soul from sin,
Nor let Thy grace depart;
Great Comforter, abide within,
And witness to my heart! |

Wm. E. Miller, 1800.

DR. WATTS.—Hymns.

A fine old tune. Parts arr'd by Wm. HAUSEN, M. D.

1. My God, my Life, my Love, To Thee, to Thee I call; I can - not live if Thou re - move, For Thou art all in all;

2. Thy shin - ing grace can cheer This dun - geon where I dwell; 'Tis Par - a - dise, when Thou art here; If Thou de - part—'tis hell!

I can - not live if Thou re - move, For Thou art all in all.

'Tis Par - a - dise when Thou art here, If Thou de - part—'tis hell!

3. The smiles of Thy face,
How amiable they are!
'Tis heav'n to rest in Thine embrace,
And nowhere else but there.
4. To Thee, and Thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss;
They sit around Thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.
5. Not all the harps above
Can make a heavenly place,
If God His residence remove,
Or but conceal His face.
6. Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford,
No, not one drop of real joy,
Without Thy presence, Lord.
7. Thou art the sea of love
Where all my pleasures roll,
The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul.
8. To Thee my spirits fly,
With infinite desire;
And yet how far from Thee I lie!
Dear Jesus, raise me high!

REV. C. WESLEY, 1762.

WM. HAUSER, M. D., July 15th, 1875. Named for Rev. Wm. B. W., late Ed. *Ch. Sun.*

1. Fa - ther, I dare be - lieve Thee mer - ci - ful and true; Thou wilt my guilt - y soul for - give,

2. Come, then, for Je - sus' sake, And bid my hea be clean; An end of all my trou - bles make,

My fall - en soul re - new,

An end of all my sin.

3. I will, thro' grace I will!
I do return to Thee:
Take, empty it, Oh Lord, and fill
My heart with purity!
4. For pow'r I feebly pay:
Thy kingdom now restore,
To-day, while it is call'd, "*To-day*,"
And I shall sin no more,

5. I cannot wash my heart,
But by believing Thee,
And waiting for Thy blood t' impart
The spotless purity.
6. While at Thy cross I lie,
Jesus, the grace bestow!
Now Thy all-cleansing blood apply,
And I am white as snow!

"I CHARGE THEE BEFORE GOD." PAUL.

REV. C. WESLEY, 1762.

1. A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify:
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.
2. To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil;—
Oh bury it all my pow'rs engage
To do my Master's will!
3. Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live;
And Oh! Thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.
4. Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely;
Assur'd, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

DR. WATTS. Hail to the Christian Sabbath.

ELFREY HERITAGE, of Philadelphia, Pa

1. Wel-come, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a - rise! Wel-come to this re - viv - ing breast, And these re - joic - ing eyes!

2. The King Him-self comes near, And feasts His saints to - day; Here we may sit, and see Him here, And love, and praise, and pray.

3. One day, in such a place,
Where Thou, my God, art seen,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4. My willing soul would stay,
In such a frame as this,
And sing herself away,
To everlasting bliss.

Wel-come to this re - viv - ing breast And these re - joic - ing eyes!

Here we may sit, and see Him here, And love, and praise, and pray.

TRIUMPH OVER DEATH. DR. WATTS, 1709.

1. And must this body die?
This well-wrought frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mould'ring in the clay?
2. Corruption, earth, and worms
Shall but refine this flesh;
Till my triumphant spirit comes
To put it on afresh.
3. God, my Redeemer, lives,
And ever, from the skies,
Looks down, and watches all my dust,
Till He shall bid it rise.
4. Array'd in glorious grace
Shall these vile bodies shine;
And ev'ry shape, and ev'ry face,
Be heavenly and divine.
5. These lively hopes we owe,
To Jesus' dying love;
We would adore His grace below,
And sing His pow'r above!
6. Dear Lord, accept the praise
Of these our humble songs,
Till tunes of nobler sounds we raise
With our immortal tongues!

REV. C. WESLEY, 1749. WM. HAUSER, M. D., March 13th, 1837. Named after PAUL RABAUT, the great French Protestant preacher, of 1760, so cruelly persecuted by the Romanists.



1. Gra-cious Re-deem-er, shake This slum-ber from my soul! Say to me now, "A-wake! a-wake!

2. Lay to Thy might-y hand; A-larm me in this hour; And make me ful-ly un-der-stand



And Christ shall make thee whole.

The thun-der of Thy pow'r!

- | | |
|--|--|
| 3. Give me on Thee to call,
Always to watch and pray,
Lest I into temptation fall,
And cast my shield away. | 7. Thou seest my feebleness;
Jesus, be Thou my pow'r,
My help and refuge in distress,
My fortress and my tow'r! |
| 4. For each assault prepar'd,
And ready may I be;
Forever standing on my guard,
And looking up to Thee. | 8. Give me to trust in Thee;
Be Thou my sure abode;
My horn, my rock, and buckler be,
My Savior, and my God! |
| 5. Oh do Thou always warn
My soul of evil near!
When to the right or left I turn,
Thy voice still let me hear: | 9. Myself I cannot save,
Myself I cannot keep:
But strength in Thee I surely have,
Whose eyelids never sleep. |
| 6. "Come back! this is the way;
Come back, and walk therein!"
Oh may I hearken and obey,
And shun the paths of sin! | 10. My soul to Thee alone,
Now therefore I commend;
Thou, Jesus, love me, as Thine own,
And love me to the end. |

MT. HELICON. S. M.

Watts. "How beautiful upon the mountains,"—Isaiah and Paul.

Arr'd by Wm. Hauser, M. D., 1846 or '47, and 1878.

1. How beau - teous are their feet, Who stand on Zi - on's hill! That bring sal - va - tion on their tongues,

2. How charm-ing is their voice! How sweet the ti - dings are! "Zi - on, be - hold thy Sa - vior King!"



That bring sal - va - tion on their tongues, And words of peace re - veal.

Zi - on, be - hold thy Sa - vior King! He reigns and tri - umphs here."

3. How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!
4. How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heav'nly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.
5. The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.
6. The Lord makes bare His arm
Thro' all the earth abroad;
Let ev'ry nation now behold
Their Savior and their God.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, Moravian, of Sheffield, Eng.



1. "For - ev - er with the Lord"— A - ment so let it be! Life from the dead is in that word;

2. Here, in the bod - y pent, Ab - sent from Him I roam; Yet night - ly pitch my mov - ing tent



'Tis im - mor - tal - i - ty.

A day's march near - er home.

3. My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near,
At times, to faith's aspiring eye,
Thy golden gates appear!

4. Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love;
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

5. Yet doubts still intervene,
And all my comfort flies;
Like Noah's dove, I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies.

6. Anon the clouds depart,
The winds and waters cease;
While sweetly o'er my gladdened heart
Expands the bow of peace.

7. "Forever with the Lord!"
Father, if 'tis Thy will,
The promise of Thy gracious word,
E'en here to me fulfil.

8. Be Thou at my right hand,
So shall I never fail;
Uphold me, and I needs must stand
Fight, and I shall prevail.

9. So, when my latest breath
Shall rend the vail in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.

10. Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat, before the throne,
"Forever with the Lord!"

SALUTATION. 7s, 6s, 8s.

Alex. Johnson. 1820.
 Arr'd by Wm. HAGGER, M. D., March 16, 1875.

FINE.

1. Good morning, brother Pil - grim; Art bound for Canaan's coast? March yon toward Je - ru - lem, To join the heavenly host? Pray wherefore are you

D.S. We soon shall cease from toiling, And reach that heav'nly place.

FINE.

smil - ing, While tears run down your face? We soon shall cease from toil - ing, And reach that heav'nly place. And reach that heav'nly place.

D.S.

2. To Canaan's coast we'll hasten,
 To join the heav'nly throng;
 Hark! from the banks of Jordan,
 How sweet the Pilgrims' song!
 Their Savior they are viewing;
 His faith we see Him too!
 We smile, and weep, and praise Him,
 And on our way pursue.

3. Tho' sinners do despise us,
 And treat us with disdain,
 Our former comrades slight us,—
 Esteem us low and mean;
 No earthly joy shall charm us,
 While marching on our way:
 Our Savior will defend us,
 In each distressing day.

4. The frowns of old companions
 We're willing to sustain,
 And, in Divine compassion,
 To pray for them again:
 For Christ, our blessed Savior,
 Our Comforter and Friend,
 Will bless us with His favor,
 And guide us to the end.

AWAY OVER ON JORDAN. C. P. M.

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REV. C. WESLEY, 1742.

Arr'd by WM. HAUSER, M. D. Tune learned from an African, MR. HENRY DAVIS, of Georgia.

1. O gla - rious hope of per - fect love! It lifts me up to things a - bove, It lifts me up to

It gives my rav - ish'd soul a taste, And makes me, for some mo - ments, feast And makes me, for some

CHORUS. A - way o - ver on Jor - dan! Come, view that land, come, view that land, A - way o - ver on

FINE. D.C.

things a - bove, It bears on ea - gles' wings:

mo - ments, feast With Je - sus' priests and kings, land!

Jor - dan, Come, view the prom - is'd land!

FINE. D.C.

The stave are used only in singing the Chorus.

2. Rejoicing now in earnest hope
I stand, and, from the mountain top,
See all the land below :
Rivers of milk and honey rise,
And all the fruits of Paradise
In endless plenty grow.
3. A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favor'd with God's peculiar smile,
With ev'ry blessing blest :
There dwells the Lord our Righteousness,
And keeps His own in perfect peace,
And everlasting rest.
4. Oh that I might at once go up,
No more on this side Jordan stop,
But now the land possess !
This moment end my legal years,
Sorrow, and sins, and doubts, and fears,
A howling wilderness.
5. Now, Oh my Joshua, bring me in !
Cast out Thy foes ; the inbred sin,
The carnal mind remove ;
The purchase of Thy death divide !
And, Oh ! with all the sanctified
Give me a lot of love !

T. GREEN, 1775.

1. My days, my weeks, my months, my years, Fly rap - id as the whirl - ing spheres A - round the stead - y pole: Time, like

D.S. And I must launch thro' end - less deeps, And I must launch thro' end - less deeps,

the tide, its mo - tion keeps, And I must launch thro' end - less deeps,

Where end - less a - ges roll.

FINE. D.S.

2. The grave is near the cradle seen:
How swift the moments pass between!
And whisper as they fly,
"Unthinking man, remember this,
Tho' fond of sublimary bliss,
That you must groan and die."
3. My soul, attend the solemn call:
Thine earthly tent must shortly fall,
And thou must take thy flight;
Beyond the vast, expansive blue,
To sing above, as angels do,
Or sink in endless night.
4. How great the bliss, how great the woe,
Hangs on an inch of time below,
On this precarious breath!
The Lord of nature only knows
Whether another year shall close,
Ere I expire in death.
5. Long ere the sun shall run his round,
I may be buried under ground,
And there in silence rot:
Alas! an hour may close the scene;
And, ere twelve months shall roll between,
My name be quite forgot!
6. But will my soul be thus extinct,
And cease to live, and cease to think?
It cannot, cannot be:
Nor my immortal cannot die:—
What wilt thou do, or whither fly,
When death shall set thee free?

From DA. T. O. SUMMERS' "Songs of Zion." "They laid hold on one Simon. Him they compelled to bear His cross."

1. 2.

1. Must Si - mon bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
No; there's a cross for ev - ry one; And there's a cross for me. Yes, there's a cross on Cal - va - ry, Thro' which by faith, the

1. 2.

crown I see: To me 'tis par - don bringing: Oh, that's the cross for me! Oh, that's the cross for me! Oh, that's the cross for me!

2. How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here!
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.
For perfect love will dry the tear,
And cast out all tormenting fear,
Which round my heart is clinging:
O that's the love for me!

3. The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home, the crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.
Yes; there's a crown in heav'n above,
The purchase of the Saviour's love,
For me, at His appearing:
O that's the crown for me!

4. The saints shall hear the midnight cry:
The Lord will then appear;
And virgins wise, with burning lamps,
Will meet him in the air.
For there's a home in heav'n prepared,
A home, by saints and angels shared,
Where Christ is interceding:
O that's the home for me!

FEAST OF LOVE.

G. R. STREET.

By G. R. STREET, of Sweetser, Ill.

1. Child of sor-row, child of care, Would'st thou learn thy griefs to bear, And es-cape from ev'-ry snare? Trust in God:
Hu-man strength is weak and vain; Let not sin its pow'r re-gain; Hum-bly ask; and help ob-tain

From thy God.

D.C. To en-joy that feast of love, Which the Sa-vior, from a-bove, Hath pre-par'd for those who prove

Wor-thy, there.

REFRAIN.

D.C.

We'll be there, we'll be there, we'll be there, we'll be there; When the Lord of glo-ry calls us, We'll be there; we'll be there.

We'll be there,

we'll be there,

When the Lord of glo-ry calls us, We'll be there.

D.C.

2. Painful days, and months, and years,
Gloomy doubts, distracting fears,
In this darksome vale of tears,
We may see;

But the Lord will lead us on;
He will never leave His own,
Till we reach His shining throne,
Safely there.

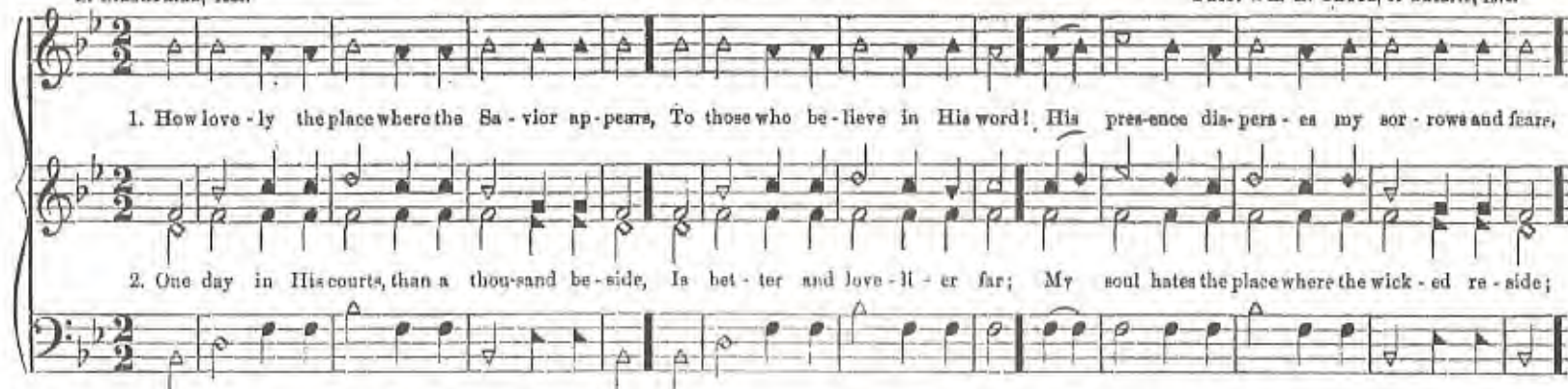
REFRAIN.—We'll be there, etc.

CARRADOC PLAINS. 11s & 8s. Amphibrach.

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S. SIEGFRIED, 1830.

PROF. WM. E. CHUTE, of Ontario, 1876.



1. How love-ly the place where the Sa-vior ap-pears, To those who be-lieve in His word! His pres-ence dis-pers-es my sor-rows and fears,

2. One day in His courts, than a thou-sand be-side, Is bet-ter and love-ly-er far; My soul hates the place where the wick-ed re-side;

3. Lord, give me a place with the humblest of saints;
4. Give strength to the souls that now wait upon Thee,

For low at Thy feet I would lie;
Oh come, in Thy chariot of love!

I know that Thou hearest my feeble complaints—
From earth's vain enchantments, Oh help us to flee,

Thy hearest the young raven's cry,
And to set our affections above!

CHILD OF SIN AND SORROW. 6s & 4s. Trochaic. DR. THOS. HASTINGS.

FINE.

D.C.



And bids me re-joice in my Lord,

And all their de-lights I ab-hor,

1. Child of sin and sor-row, Fill'd with dis-may,
Wait not for to-mor-row, Yield thee to-day: Heav'n bids thee come, While yet there's room;

D.C. Child of sin and sor-row, Hear and a-bey!

FINE. D.C.

2. Child of sin and sorrow, Why wilt thou die? Come, while thou canst borrow
3. Child of sin and sorrow, Where wilt thou flee? Thou'lt long to-morrow,
4. Child of sin and sorrow, Lift up thine eyes! Heirship thou canst borrow
5. He'll assuage thy sorrow, He'll end the strife, Which on each to-morrow,

Help from on high;
Eternity?
In words on high:
Saddens thy life:

Grieve not that love
Exiled from home,
In that high home,
Oh trust in Him!

Which from above,
Darkly to roam;
Graven thy name,
He died for thee;

Child of sin and sorrow, Would bring thee nigh,
Child of sin and sorrow, Where wilt thou flee?
Child of sin and sorrow, To Jesus fly!
Child of sin and sorrow, To Jesus flee!

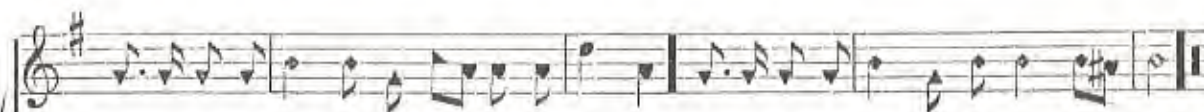
—Last verse (5th), W. H., May 18th, 1876.

BABYLON IS FALLEN. 8s & 7s.

PROF. WM. E. CHURCH, of Ontario. Prof. composed this tune out of an old theme, and is too modest to claim any originality, but I do it for him.—W. H.



1. Hail! the day so long ex - pect-ed, Hail! the year of full re - lease;
Zi - on's walls are now e - rect-ed, And the watchmen pub - lish 'peace: Thro' our Shiloh's wide do - min-ions, Hear the trumpet loud-ly roar:



Bab - y - lon is fall - en, is fall - en, is fall - en! Bab - y - lon is fall - en, to rise no more.



2. All her merchants stand with wonder
"What is this that comes to pass?"
Murm'ring like the distant thunder,
Crying, "Oh! alas! alas!"
Swell the sound, ye kings and nobles,
Princes and people, rich and poor!
Babylon is fallen, etc.
3. Blow the trumpet in Mount Zion!
Christ will come the second time;
Ruling, with a rod of iron,
All who now as foes combine:
Babel's garments we've rejected,
And our fellowship is o'er;
Babylon is fallen, etc.

Salisbury Taylor, 1810.

IMANDRA. 11s.

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REV. JNO. A. GRANADE, I think.—W. H.

ANANIAS DAVISSON, author of *Ky. Har.*

1/2 c.

D.S.

S

FINE.



1. O Je - sus, my Sa - vior, I know Thou art mine;
For Thee all the pleas - ures of sin I re - sign: Of ob - jects most pleas - ing I love Thee the best; With-



D.S. out Thee I'm wretch - ed, but with Thee I'm blest.

S

FINE.

D.S.



2. Thy Spirit first taught me to know I was blind;
Then taught me the way of salvation to find;
And, when I was sinking in gloomy despair,
Thy mercy relieved me, and bade me not fear.
3. In vain I attempt to describe what I feel;
The language of mortals or angels would fail:
My Jesus is precious! my soul's in a flame!
I'm raised to a rapture while praising His name.
4. I find Him in singing, I find Him in prayer;
In sweet meditation He always is near;
My constant companion; Oh, may we ne'er part!
All glory to Jesus! He dwells in my heart.

5. I love Thee my Savior, I love Thee, my Lord;
I love Thy dear people, Thy ways, and Thy word:
With tender emotion I love sinners too,
Since Jesus hath died to redeem them from wo.
6. My Jesus is precious! I cannot forbear,
Tho' sinners despise me, His love to declare:
His love overwhelms me! with angels I'd fly,
To praise Him in mansions prepared in the sky.
7. Then millions of ages my soul would employ
In praising my Jesus, my love and my joy,
Without interruption, when all the glad throng
With pleasure unceasing unite in the song.

DROOPING SOULS.

WM. HAUSER, M. D., May 29th, and July 18th, 1874.

FINE.

1. Droop - ing souls, no long - er - grieve, Hea - ven is pro - pi - tious:
If on Je - sus you be - lieve, You will find Him pre - cious. Je - sus now is pass - ing by,

D.C. Droop - ing souls, you need not die;— Now look up, and view Him.

FINE.

D.C.

Call - ing re - turn - ers to Him:

D.C.

2. He has pardons, full and free,
Drooping souls to gladden:
Still He cries, "Come unto Me,
Weary, heavy-laden."
Tho' your sins, like mountains high,
Rise and reach to heaven,
Soon as you on Him rely
All will be forgiven.

3. Precious is the Savior's name,
All His saints adore Him:
He to save the dying came—
Prostrate bow before Him:
Wand'ring sinners, now return:
Contrite souls, believe him!
Jesus calls you—cease to mourn;
Worship Him—receive Him!

4. Jesu's blood has healed my wound—
O the wondrous story!—
I was lost, now I'm found—
Glory! glory! glory!
Glory to the Savior's name!
Saints are bound to love Him.
Mourners, you may do the same,
Only come and prove Him.

REV. C. WESLEY, 1762.

REV. JNO. H. WHITE, Forsythe Co., N. C., April 15th, 1878.

| 1. | 2. FINE!

1. O God, most mer - ci - ful and true, Thy na - ture to my soul im - part!
 'Stab - lish with me the cov - 'nant new, And write per - fec - tion on my heart! To re - al

D.C. And, in the knowl - edge of my Lord, Ful - ness of life e - ter - nal find!

FINE.

D.C.

ho - i - ness re - stor'd, Oh, let me gain my Sa - vior's mind!

D.C.

2. Remember, Lord, my sins no more,
 That them I may no more forget;
 But sunk in guiltless shame adore,
 With speechless wonder, at Thy feet!
 O'erwhelmed by thy stupendous grace,
 I shall not, in Thy presence, move;
 But breathe unutterable praise,
 And rapturous awe, and silent love,
3. Then every murm'ring thought, and vain,
 Expires, in sweet confusion lost;
 I cannot of my cross complain;
 I cannot of my goodness boast.
 Pardon'd for all that I have done,
 My mouth, as in the dust, I hide;
 And glory give to God alone;
 My God, forever pacified!

HEAVENLY GRACE. C. M.

REV. JOHN H. WHITE.

1. Lord, when to - geth - er here we meet, And taste Thy heav'n - ly grace, Thy smiles are so Di - vine - ly sweet,

2. Yet, Fa - ther, since it is Thy will, That we must part a - gain, Oh, let Thy gra - cious pres - ence, still,

3. Thus, let us all, in Christ be one,
Bound with the cords of love,
Till we, around Thy gracious throne,
Shall joyous meet above.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

By REV. JOSEPH HART, Independent, of London, Eng.

We're loth to leave the place.

With ev - 'ry one re - main.

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1. The blest memorials of Thy grief,
Thy sufferings and Thy death,
We come dear Savior to receive;
But would receive by faith. | 3. The pledges Thou wast pleas'd to leave,
Our mournful minds to move,
We come, dear Savior, to receive;
But would receive with love. |
| 2. The tokens sent us to relieve
Our spirits when they droop,
We come, dear Savior to receive;
But would receive with hope. | 4. Here, in obedience to Thy word,
We take the bread and wine;
The utmost we can do, dear Lord,
For all beyond is Thine. |
| 5. Increase our faith, and hope, and love;
Lord, give us all that's good:
We would Thy full salvation prove,
And share Thy flesh and blood. | |

BEGONE UNBELIEF. 10s. Anapæstic.

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REV. JNO. NEWTON, of Eng., 1778.

Arr'd by WM. HAUSER, M. D. Air learned of REV. SAM'L ANTHONY, of Georgia, in 1841.

1. Be-gone, un-be-lief, my Savior is near, And, for my re-lief, will sure-ly ap-pear: By prayer let me wres-tle, and

2. Tho' dark be my way, since He is my guide 'Tis mine to o-bey, 'tis His to pro-vide; Tho' cisterns be brok-en, and

He will per-form; With Christ in the ves-sel, I smile at the storm.

creatures all fall, The word He has spok-en will sure-ly pre-vail.

3. His love in time past forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last, in trouble to sink;
Each sweet Ebenezer, I have in review,
Confirms His good pleasure to bring me quite thro'.
4. Determined to save, He watch'd o'er my path,
When, Satan's blind slave, I sported with death;
And can He have taught me to trust in His name,
And thus far have brought me, to put me to shame?
5. Why should I complain of want, or distress,
Temptation, or pain? He taught me to less;
The heirs of salvation, I know from His word,
Thro' much tribulation must follow their Lord.
6. How bitter the cup, no heart can conceive,
Which He drank quite up, that sinners might live;
His way was much rougher and darker than mine:
Did Christ, my Lord, suffer? and shall I repine?
7. Since all that I meet shall work for my good;
The bitter, be sweet; the medicine, food;—
Tho' painful at present 't will cease before long,
And then, O how pleasant the conqueror's song!

BISHOP REGINALD HEBER. FROM McANALLY'S "Western Harp."

ISAAC BEVERLY WOODBURY, of Massachusetts.

FINE. CHORUS.



1. Hail! the bless'd morn, when the great Me-di-a-tor Down from the re-gions of heav'n did de-scend:
 Shepherds, go wor-ship the babe in a man-ger; Lo! for His guard the bright an-gels at-tend. Bright-est and best of the

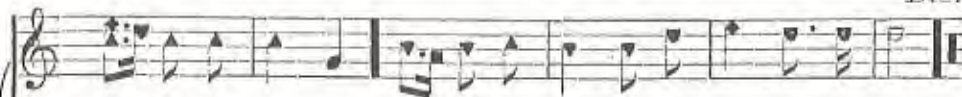


D.C. Star in the East, the ho-ri-zon a-dorn-ing, Guide where our in-fant Re-deem-er was laid.

FINE.



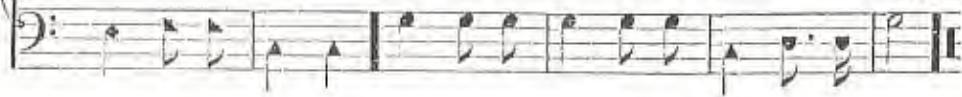
D.C.



sons of the morn-ing, Dawn on our dark-ness, and lend us thine aid;



D.C.



2. Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining:
 Low lies His head with the banes of the stall:
 Angels adore Him, in slumbers reclining,
 Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.—Chorus.
3. Say, shall we yield Him a costly devotion,
 Odors of Eden, or offerings divine,
 Gems from the mountain, or pearls from the ocean,
 Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?—Chorus.
4. Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
 All these can never His favor procure:
 Richer, by far, is the heart's adoration;
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.—Chorus.
5. Low at His feet, we in humble prostration,
 Lose all our sorrow, and trouble, and strife;
 There we receive His divine consolation,
 Flowing afresh from the fountain of life.
6. He is our Friend in the midst of temptation,
 Faithful Supporter, whose love cannot fail;
 Rock of our refuge, and Hope of salvation,
 Light to direct us thro' death's gloomy vale.—Chorus.
7. Star of the morning, thy brightness declining,
 Shortly must fade when the Sun doth arise;
 Beaming refulgent, His glory eternal
 Shines on the children of love in the skies.—Chorus.

CUMBERLAND. 11s.

Amphibrach.

from J. P. Carroll, 1821. 189

REV. JNO. ADAM GRANADE, perhaps about 1802.

Arr'd by WM. HAUSER, M. D.

Fine.


1. Come, chil - dren of Zi - on, and help me to sing Loud n - theme of prais - es to Je - sus, our King,

D.S. And bring us to hea - ven, to dwell there with Him. *Fine.*

D.S.

Whose life was once giv - en our souls to re - deem. *D.S.*

2. In regions of darkness, and sorrow and pains,
We all lay in ruin, in prison and chains;
But Jesus hath bought us with His precious blood,
The ransom provided to bring us to God.
3. Oh! come to the Savior, and take up the cross;
Seek treasure in Heaven; count all else but loss
His mercy invites us; then let us comply;
O why should we linger when He is so nigh?
4. We'll fear not the dangers that lie in our way;
His arm will protect us by night and by day:
The ills we must suffer we'll patiently bear,
Till Jesus shall take us where sufferings are o'er.



1. Ye an - gels, who stand round the throne, And view my Em - man - u - el's face, In rap - tu - rous songs make Him known,

2. He form'd you the spir - its ye are, So hap - py, so no - ble, so good: While oth - ers sunk down in de - spair,



Tune, tune your soft harps to His praise!

Con-firm'd by His pow - er, ye stood.

3. Ye saints, who stand nearer than they,
And cast your bright crowns at His feet,
His grace and His glory display,
And all His rich mercy repeat!
4. He snatched you from hell and the grave,
He ransomed from death and despair:
For you He was mighty to save,
Almighty to bring you safe there.
5. Oh, when will the period appear
When I shall unite in your song?
I'm weary of lingering here,
And I to your Savior belong.
6. I'm fettered and chained up in clay;
I struggle and pant to be free;
I long to be soaring away,
My God and my Savior to see.
7. I want to put on my attire,
Washed white in the blood of the Lamb;
I want to be one of your choir,
And tune my sweet harp to His name.
8. I long—Oh, I long to be there,
And sorrow and sin bid adieu!
Your joy and your friendship to share,
To wonder and worship with you!

SWEET BY AND BY. 8s. Dactylic.

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S. F. BENNET.

RAY. JOSEPH P. WEBSTER.

CHORUS.

1st time.

2d time.

Omit 2d time.

1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can see it a - far;
For the Fa - ther waits o - ver the way,

To pre - pare us a dwelling place there. In the sweet by and by, In the

In the sweet by and

In the sweet by and by, In the

sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore by and by, In the sweet by and by, In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore.

by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore, In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore.

sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore by and by, In the sweet by and by, In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore.

2. We shall sing, on that beautiful shore,
The melodious songs of the blest,
And our spirits shall sorrow no more,
Nor sigh for the blessing of rest. — Cho.

3. To our bountiful Father above
We will offer our tribute of praise,
For the glorious gift of His love,
And the blessings that hallow our days. — Cho.

4. We shall rest on that beautiful shore,
In the joys of the land we shall share;
All our pilgrimage toil will be o'er,
And the conqueror's crown we shall wear. — Cho.

REV. I. BALTZELL.

1st time. 2d time. REFRAIN.

Omit 2d time.

1. When the storm, in its fu-ry, on Gal-li-lee fell, And hid-ed its wa-ters on high,
And the faithless dis-ci-ples we're bound in a spell, Jesus whisper'd, "Fear not! It is I." It is I, It is

I, Fear not, trembling ones, it is I. In the midst of the storm, In the midst of the gloom, Fear not, trembling ones, it is I.

2. The storm could not bury that word in the wave;
"I was taught thro' the tempest to fly;
It shall reach His disciples, in every clime,
Saying "Be not afraid! it is I."—Rev.

3. When the spirit is broken, with sorrow and care,
And comfort is ready to die,
Then the darkness shall pass, and the sunshine appear,
By the life-giving word "It is I."—Rev.

4. When death is at hand, and this cottage of clay
Is left with a tremulous sigh,
Then the gracious Redeemer will light all the way,
Saying "Be not afraid! it is I."—Rev.

HENRY E. ENGLE, West Virginia.

FINE. 1st. D. S.

1st. time.

2d. time.

Omit 2d time.

1. Oh, shall we be a - ble to reach The beau - ti - ful cit - y of life?
Where nev - er is sor - row, or care,

Nor tem - pest, nor dark - ness, nor strife?

D.S. To dwell in His love ey - er - more.

O The

FINE. 1st. D. S.

1st. D. S.

2. Blest freedom from sorrow and pain!

Affliction and sadness all o'er,

With saints all immortal we'll reign,

And shout that our warfare is o'er.

O yes, we shall meet over there,

Over there on that beautiful shore,

The loved ones who've gone on before,

To dwell on His love evermore.

yes, we shall meet o - ver there,
lov'd ones who've gone on be - fore,

O - ver there, on that beau - ti - ful shore.

1st. D. S.

SPRING PLACE. M.S. Amphibrach.

J. GRANT, of Eng. FROM REV. PETER D. MYERS, "Zion's Songster." Arr'd by WM. HAUSER, M. D. Air learned of REV. J. HASKEW, of Holston Conf., 1840.

S

FINE.

D.S.



McARTHUR'S LAMENT. 12s. Anapæstic.

195

HON. WALTER T. McARTHUR, while a student in Trinity College, N. C.

WM. HAUSER, M. D., in Savannah, Ga., 1860.

Slow, sad, and plaintive.

1. I'm lone-ly while here; I am sad all the day; And the months of the winter glide slow-ly a-way: There is no gleam of sunshine to

2. And while my com-pan-ions are cheerful and free, And are laugh-ing and sport-ing with pleasure and glee, There is noth-ing to cheer me:—but

eat-ter the gloom, And I grieve while I think of the lov'd ones at home.

ter-rows to come, And I sigh for the pleasures I've tas-ted at home.

3. And often, when darkness o'ershadows the earth,
I can hear the air ringing with music and mirth;
Yet it gives me no joy, nor disperses my gloom,
For my thoughts ever turn to the lov'd ones at home.
4. But when all things are still—when my labors I close,
All my sorrows are gone while I sweetly repose;
For in beautiful visions that gently do come,
I'm wafted away to the loved ones at home.
5. Then I will no longer, thus vainly, lament
O'er scenes that are faded, and days that are spent;
But will cheer up, in future, and cast off my gloom,
And will be the more happ- while thinking of home.
6. So, then, while the past I will cease to deplore,
I will welcome the prospect which brightens before:
I will cheerfully wait till the glad time shall come,
When again I'll rejoice with the loved ones at home.

THOU ART PASSING AWAY. 11s. Anapæstic.

From RUSSEL's "Wind of the Winter Night."

Arr'd by REV. GEO. COLES, of N. Y.

1. Thou art pass - ing a - way; then art pass - ing a - way: day: Thy fore - head is pale, and thy pulse - es are
Thy life has been as brief as a mid - sum - mer

2. Thou art pass - ing a - way from the beau - ti - ful earth, birth: From its for - ests and fields, from its mur - mur - ing
Thy march lov'd a - bove, and the land of thy

low, And thy once blooming cheek wears the om - i - nous glow.

rills, From its beau - ti - ful plains, and its herb - age crown'd hills.

3. Thou art passing away from thy kindred and friends,
And the last chain that bound thee the spoiler now rends;
And thy last tones are falling on love's list'ning ear,
And now in thine eye shines the fond parting tear.

4. Thou art passing away, as the first Summer rose,
That awaits not the time when the Winter wind blows,
But hasteth away on the Autumn's quick gale,
And scatters its odors o'er mountain and dale.

5. The light of thy beauty has faded and gone,
For the withering chills have already come on:
Thy charms have departed; thy glory is fled;
And thou soon wilt be laid in the house of the dead.

6. Thou wilt soon be consigned to the cold, dreary tomb,
The lot of all living, mortality's doom:
Thou shalt there sweetly rest, in the calmest repose,
Undisturbed by life's cares, and unpierced by its woes.

ISLES OF THE SOUTH. 11s. Anapæstic.

197

Composed by Wm. H. TARRAS, Esq., and sung on the wharf at New Haven, at the embarkation of the first missionaries for the Sandwich Islands, in 1822.* Wm. HAUSER, M.D., 1836 or 1837

1. Wake, isles of the South! your re - deemp - tion is near, No long - er re - pose in the bor - ders of gloom; The strength of His

2. The bil - lows that girl you, the wild waves that roar, The zeph - yrs that play when the o - cean storms cease, Shall bear the rich

chos - en to love shall ap - pear, And light shall a - rise on the verge of the tomb, And light shall a - rise on the verge of the tomb.

freight to your des - o - late shore, Shall waft the glad tid - ings of par - don and peace, Shall waft the glad tid - ings of par - don and peace.

5. On th' Islands that sit in the regions of night, The lands of despair, to oblivion a prey, The morning shall open with healing and light, The glad Star of Bethlehem brighter to day.
 6. The altar and bed in dust overgrown, The incense forbade that was hallowed with blood; The Prince of Medehazdek there shall atone, The shrines of Atooi be sacred to God. (His law,
 7. The heathen will hasten to welcome the time, The Day-Spring the prophet in vision once saw, — When th' beams of Messiah will tame each clime, And th' Isles of the sea shall wait for day.
 8. All glory to deans what work He hath wrought in "lands of despair to oblivion a prey!" The heathen the Gospel of mercy are taught; The Star of Redemption beams brightly to-day.
 * This last verse by Wm. HAUSER, M.D., June 6th, 1874.

* What hath God wrought in these Islands since that time! "The parched ground has become a pool; the shrines of Atooi have indeed become sacred to God." — W. H.

1. How te-dious and taste-less the hours, When Je-sus no long-er I see;
 Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs, Have all lost their sweetness to me. } The mid-summer sun shines but
D.C. But When I am hap-py in him, De-cem-ber's as pleas-ant as May.

D.C.

2. His name yields the richest perfume,
 And sweeter than music His voice,
 His presence dispenses my gloom,
 And makes all within me rejoice :
 I should, were He always thus nigh,
 Have nothing to wish or to fear ;
 No mortal so happy as I,
 My summer would last all the year.

3. Content with beholding His face,
 My all to His pleasure resigned,
 No changes of season or place
 Would make any changes in my mind ;
 While bless'd with a sense of His love,
 A palace a boy would appear ;
 And prisons would palaces prove,
 If Jesus would dwell with me there.

dim, The fields strive in vain to look gay.
D.C.

4. Dear Lord, if indeed I am Thine,
 If Thou art my sun and my song,
 Say, why do I languish and pine?
 And why are my winters so long?
 Oh drive these dark clouds from my sky,
 Thy soul-cheering presence restore ;
 Or take me to Thee up on high,
 Where winter and clouds are no more !

JOSEPH SWAIN, 1793. Solomon's Song.

FREEMAN LEWIS, 1813, or SAM. MCFARLAND.

1. O Thou, in whose pres - ence my soul takes de-light, On whom, in af - flic - tion, I call; My com - fort by day, and my

2. Where dost Thou, at noon - tide, re - sort with thy sheep, To feed on the pas - tures of love? Ah! why in the val - ley of

song in the night, My hope, my sal - va - tion, my all:

death should I weep? A - lone in the wil - der - ness rove?

3. Oh! why should I wander an alien from Thee,
And cry in the desert for bread?
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.
4. Ye daughters of Zion, declare, have you seen
The Star that on Israel shone?
Say, if in your tents my Beloved has been,
Or where with His flocks He is gone!
5. This is my Beloved: His form is Divine;
His vestments shed odors around;
The locks on His head are as grapes on the vine,
When Autumn with plenty is crowned.
6. His voice, as the sound of the dulcimer sweet,
Is heard thro' the shadows of death;
The cedars of Lebanon bow at His feet;
The air is perfum'd with His breath.
7. His lips, as a fountain of righteousness, flow,
That waters the garden of grace,
From which their salvation the Gentiles shall know,
And bask in the smiles of His face.
8. He looks, and ten thousand of angels rejoice,
And myriads wait on His word:
He speaks, and eternity, filled with His voice,
Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.